THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

Vol. III.] HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1806. [No. 8.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF NAPIER.

JOHN NAPIER, baron of Merchiſton, in Scotland, inventor of the logarithms, was the eldeſt ſon of Sir Archibald Napier of Merchiſton, and born in the year 1550. Having given early diſcoveries of great natural parts, his father was careful to have them cultivated by a liberal education. After going through the ordinary courſes of philoſophy at the univerſity of St. Andrew's, he made the tour of France, Italy, and Germany. Upon his return to his native country, his literature and other fine accompliſhments ſoon rendered him conſpicuous, and might have raiſed him to the higheſt offices in the ſtate; but declining all civil employments, and the buſtle of the court, he retired from the world to purſue literary reſearches, in which he made an uncommon progreſs, ſo as to have favoured mankind with ſundry uſeful diſcoveries. He applied himſelf chiefly to the ſtudy of mathematics; but at the ſame time he did not neglect that of the Holy Scriptures. In both theſe he hath diſcovered the moſt extenſive knowledge and profound penetration. His eſſay upon the book of the Apocalypſe, indicates the moſt acute inveſtigation, and an uncommon ſtrength of judgment; though time hath diſcovered, that his calculations concerning particular events had proceeded upon fallacious data. This work has been printed abroad in ſeveral languages; particularly in French at Rochelle in the year 1693, 8vo, announced in the title as reviſed by himſelf. Nothing, ſays lord Buchan, could be more agreeable to the Rochellers or to the Huguenots of France at this time, than the author's annunciation of the pope as antichriſt, which in this book he has endeavoured to ſet forth with much zeal and erudition. But what has principally rendered his name famous, was his great and fortunate diſcovery of logarithms in trigomometry, by which the eaſe and expedition in calculation have ſo wonderfully aſſiſted the ſcience of aſtronomy and the arts of practical geometry and navigation. That he had begun about the year 1593 the train of enquiry which led him to that great atchievement in arithmetic, appears from a letter to Crugerus from Kelper in the year 1624; wherein, mentioning the Canon Mirificus, he writes thus: "Nihil autem ſupra Neperianam rationem eſſe puto: etſi Scotus quidem literis ad Tychonem, anno 1594, ſcriptis jam ſpem fecit Canonis illius mirifici;" which alluſion agrees with the idle ſtory mentioned by Wood in his Athenæ Oxon. and explains it in a way perfectly conſonant to the rights of Napier as the inventor.

When Napier had communicated to Mr. Henry Briggs, mathematical profeſſor in Greſham college, his wonderful canon for the logarithms, that learned profeſſor ſet himſelf to apply the rules in his Imitatio Nepeirea; and in a letter to archbiſhop Uſher, in the year 1615, he writes thus: "Napier, baron of Merchiſton, hath ſet my head and hands at work with his new and admirable logarithms. I hope to ſee him this ſummer if it pleaſe God; for I never ſaw a book which pleaſed me better, and made me more wonder." The following paſſage from the life of Lilly the aſtrologer is quoted by lord Buchan as giving a picturesque view of the meeting betwixt Brigs and the inventor of the logarithms at Merchiſton near Edinburgh. "I will acquaint you (ſays Lilly) with one memorable ſtory related unto me by John Marr, an excellent mathematician and geometrician, whom I conceive you remember. He was ſervant to King James I. and Charles I. When Merchiſton firſt publiſhed his logarithms, Mr. Briggs, then reader of the aſtronomy lectures at Greſhham college in London, was ſo much ſurpriſed with admiration of them, that he could have no quietneſs in himſelf until he had ſeen that noble perſon whoſe only invention they were: he acquaints John Marr therewith, who went into Scotland before Mr. Briggs, purpoſely to be there when theſe two ſo learned perſons ſhould meet. Mr. Briggs appoints a certain day when to meet at Edinburgh; but failing thereof, Merchiſton was fearful he would not come. It happened one day as John Marr and the baron Napier were ſpeaking of Mr. Briggs; 'Ah, John (ſaid Merchiſton,) Mr. Briggs will not now come.' At the very inſtant one knocks at the gate; John Marr haſtened down, and it proved to be Mr. Briggs to his great contentment. He brings Mr. Briggs up to the Baron's chamber, where almoſt one quarter of an hour was ſpent, each beholding the other with admiration before one word was ſpoken. At laſt Mr. Briggs began: 'Sir, I have undertaken this long journey purpoſely to ſee your perſon, and to know by what engine of wit or ingenuity you came firſt to think of this moſt excellent help into aſtronomy, viz. the logarithms; but Sir, being by you found out, I wonder nobody elſe found it out before, when now being known it appears ſo eaſy.' He was nobly entertained by baron Napier; and every ſummer after that, during the laird's being alive, this venerable man Mr. Briggs went purpoſely to Scotland to viſit him."

There is a paſſage in the life of Tycho Brahe by Gaſſendi which may miſlead an attentive reader to ſuppoſe that Napier's method had been explored by Herwart at Hoenburg: It is in Gaſſendi's Obſervations on a Letter from Tycho to Herwart of the laſt day of Auguſt 1599. "Dixit Hervartus nihil morari ſe ſolvendi cujuſquam trianguli difficultatem; ſolere ſe enim multiplicationum, ac diviſionum, vice additiones ſolum, ſubtractiones 93 uſurpare (quod ut fieri poſſet, docuit poſtmodum ſuo Logarithmorum Canone Neperus.)" But Herwart here alludes to his work afterwards publiſhed in the year 1610, which ſolves triangles by proſtaphæreſis; a mode totally different from that of the logarithms.

Kelper dedicated his Ephemerides to Napier, which were publiſhed in the year 1617; and it appears from many paſſages in his letter about this time that he held Napier to be the greateſt man of his age in the particular department to which he applied his abilities. "And indeed (ſays our noble biographer), if we conſider that Napier's diſcovery was not like thoſe of Kelper or of Newton, connected with any analogies or coincidences which might have led him to it, but the fruit of unaſſiſted reaſon and ſcience, we ſhall be vindicated in placing him in one of the higheſt niches in the temple of fame. Kelper had made many unſucceſsful attempts to diſcover his canon for the periodic motions of the planets, and hit upon it at laſt as he himſelf candidly owns on the 15th May 1618: and Newton applied the palpable tendency of heavy bodies to the earth to the ſyſtem of the univerſe in general: but Napier ſought out his admirable rules by a ſlow ſcientific progreſs ariſing from the gradual evolution of truth.

The laſt literary exertion of this eminent perſon was the publication of his Rabdology and Promptuary in the year 1617, which he dedicated to the Chancellor Seton; and ſoon after died at Merchiſton on the 3d of April O. S. of the ſame year, in the 68th year of his age and 23d of his happy invention.—The particular titles of his publiſhed works are: 1. A plain diſcovery of the Revelation of St. John. 2. *Mirifici ipſius canonis conſtructio et logarithmorum ad naturales ipſorum numeros habitudines.* 3. *Appendix de alia atque præſtantiore logarithmorum ſpecie conſtituenda, in qua ſcilicet unitas logarithmus eſt.* 4. *Rhabdologiæ, ſue numerationis per virgulas, libri duo.* 5. *Propoſitiones quædam eminentiſſimæ, ad triangula ſphærica mira facultate reſolvenda.* To which may be added, 6. His Letter to Anthony Bacon (the original of which is in the archbiſhop's library at Lambeth), intitled, "Secret inventions, profitable and neceſſary in theſe days for the defence of this iſland, and withſtanding ſtrangers enemies to god's truth and religion;" which the earl of Buchan has cauſed to be printed in the Appendix to his Account of Napier's Writings. This letter is dated June 2, 1596, about which time it appears the author had ſet himſelf to explore his logarithmic canon.

This eminent perſon was twice married.—By his firſt wife, who was a daughter of Sir James Stirling of Keir, he had only one ſon named Archibald, who ſucceeded to the eſtate. By his ſecond wife, a daughter of Sir James Chiſholm of Cromlix, he had a numerous iſſue. Archibald Napier, the only ſon of the firſt marriage, was a perſon of fine parts and learning. Having more a turn to public buſineſs, than his father had, he was raiſed to be a privy counſellor by James VI. under whoſe reign he alſo held the offices of treaſurer-depute, juſtice-clerk, and ſenator of the college of juſtice.—By Charles I. he was raiſed to the peerage by the title of Lord Napier.

[*Encyclopædia.*

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE SWEEPER.

BORN of poor parents in France, I there ſpent the firſt twenty years of my life, in the buſineſs of chimney-ſweeping. In early youth I reflected often on the manner of my employment, and regretted that fortune had placed me in ſuch an obſcure ſituation. Becoming gradually acquainted with mankind, I diſcovered my profeſſion to be leſs humble than I at firſt imagined.

As far as my acquaintance extended, I obſerved all ſedulouſly employed in the buſineſs of ſweeping. Yes, gentlemen, the Sweeper finds himſelf allied to characters in the moſt exalted ſtations. He can boaſt relations royal, noble, and dignified. When he firſt emerged from obſcurity, Voltaire and D'Alambert were diſſeminating their principles throughout Europe. Theſe arch jacobins, he could hail as brothers, for he ſaw them, with the broom of illuminatiſm, ſweeping morality and religion from their native country. Barrere, Briſſot, Condorcet, Marat, and Robeſpierre, he could claim as kindred, having witneſſed them ſweeping away, not only principles and tenets, but heads and ſhoulders. Bonaparte, the great champion in the art of ſweeping, is his eldeſt brother. This artiſt has ſwept many of the nations of Europe with the beſom of deſtruction. He has exerciſed his talents on the bogs of Holland and the rocks of Switzerland, as well as on the beautiful plains of Italy. His ravages have not been confined to Europe; the remoteſt corners of Africa have felt their effects. He would have ſwept Egypt completely bare, had not ſweeper Nelſon, in his turn, given him a bruſhing, ſwept many of his ſhips to the bottom of the ocean, and the reſt into the harbor of England. There is a report that this arch ſweeper intends ſhortly, with his broom and duſter, to viſit Old England. I have many relatives in that iſland well verſed in the art, who, ſhould he dare make the attempt, will ſend him and all his followers packing like chaff before the wind. The Britiſh eagle will ſtrip off with eaſe the ſmalleſt pinfeathers from the Gallic Cock. Brother Napolean has been very ſucceſsful in his trade. Sweeping away friends and foes without diſtinction, he has found his way to imperial dignity; republics fall before him and Kings ſubmit to his ſway. He has ſwept contributions from moſt of the European nations, and a pretty round ſum from the United States. Me, although his brother, he would have ſwept into nonexiſtence, had I not fled acroſs the Atlantic. This I did, and hoped to find America free from Sweepers. In this, however, I was greatly deceived; for here every order of men is deeply engaged in the art of ſweeping. On my arrival, the firſt order of men I greeted as my kinſmen were the Lawyers. When I heard one of this deſcription flattering his client with the juſtneſs of his cauſe, and the certainty of obtaining redreſs, ſhould he commence an action, when at the ſame time the chances were a thouſand to one againſt him, when I ſaw him involving the ignorant ruſtic in endleſs quarrels to give himſelf an opportunity of ſweeping his pockets, undoubtedly, ſaid I, " you are a Sweeper of the firſt quality." The Quack, ſwearing his patient, with a fit of the hypo, is in the utmoſt danger, crowds down his catnip and puſley, makes his patient believe it balm of Gilead from the Eaſt-Indies, charges him a guinea per ounce, and brings him to the brink of the grave, from which he is, with difficulty, ſaved by a ſkilful phyſician. Add to this, the many poor fellows ſwept entirely off the hooks and ſent to the ſhades. This ſcoundrel is expert in the buſineſs. I ſet him down as the worſt of Sweepers.

The reverend Divine, whoſe concern for the flock riſes and falls according to the goodneſs or badneſs of the fleece, comes in for a ſhare of my relationſhip. But the character of this grave Sweeper, together with others of my family, ſhould you, Mr. Editor, treat this number with decency, ſhall be given hereafter.

TOM TINKER.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

IF we reflect, that on the proper education of youth depends the happineſs of ſociety, we ſhall find the office of a parent arduous and important. It frequently happens, that parents, in bringing up their children, are influenced more by affection than duty. When a child is ſtubborn and refractory, duty demands, that it ſhould be ſufficiently corrected; but affection too often gains the aſcendency, and the child eſcapes with impunity. It ſhould be the object of thoſe, who have the care of youth to teach them, by precept and example, to deſpiſe mean and low actions, and to impreſs on their minds the importance of religion, and a reverence for the Supreme Being. Parents, conducting in this manner, will have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing their children growing up in the habits of virtue, and may rationally calculate, that they will be valuable members of ſociety: but, if blind to the beſt intereſts of their offſping, they, through parental affection, or any other motive, indulge them in the gratification of every paſſion, and permit them to walk in the paths of vice, they will find, that inſtead of ornaments, their children will become peſts to ſociety, and without timely repentance, objects of divine diſpleaſure.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

COMMEND NOT THYSELF.

" Let another man praiſe thee, and not thine own mouth."

Solomon has tranſmitted to us many aphoriſms, the reſult of wiſdom, of reflection and experience. But notwihſtanding their value, and inſtrumentrality in reclaiming wanderers from the path of rectitude, they are conſidered by many as antiquated maxims, fit only for the ſuperſtitious and the weak.

From the conduct of *many*, we are induced to believe that the maxim before us *muſt have been* overlooked by them; for its plain good ſenſe and reaſonableneſs would otherwiſe have enſured the practice of it.

Whatever be the cauſe, it is evident to all who are acquainted with mankind, that it is frequently neglected. We can ſcarcely look about us without diſcovering an egotiſt, who is either openly or indirectly proclaiming his merits, his talents, and his acquirements.

This practice argues a meanneſs of diſpoſition which diſguſts every hearer. For no one would reſort to the vile practice of praiſing himſelf who was not deſirous of that good opinion of others, which he was conſcious he did not, could not deſerve. And none but a fool would intrude upon others his own exalted opinion of himſelf; for it is giving them to underſtand that they are not capable of judging for themſelves. Every indirect aſperſion of the character of another, by which an inference muſt naturally be drawn in favor of the perſon ſpeaking, is the meaneſt kind of ſelf-praiſe; becauſe made covertly, and at the expenſe of another. How oppoſite to this diſpoſition, is the adage before us, " Let another man praiſe thee;" that is, let your ſentimeuts, converſation and deportment be juſt and laudable, and you will be honored and reſpected. Or, if you fail to receive that honor due to your merit, yet you will poſſeſs the approbation of your own mind, which will give you more ſatisfaction than the undeſerved plaudits of ten thouſand flatterers.—The wiſe man does not command us to be indifferent to praiſe, but ſo to conduct, as to ſecure the approbation of others.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following tale, *by* Goldsmith, *is a beautiful imitation of the oriental ſtyle, and conveys to the diſtempered diſciples of Epicurus a cutting reproof on their inordinate indulgence of the appetites.*

Kabul, ſays the Zendaveſta, was born on the ruſhy banks of the river Mawra: his poſſeſſions were great, and his luxuries kept pace with the affluence of his fortune: he hated the harmleſs bramins, and deſpiſed their holy religion; every day his table was decked out with the fleſh of an hundred different animals, and his cooks had an hundred different ways of dreſſing it to ſolicit even ſatiety.

Notwithſtanding all his eating, he did not arrive at old age; he died of a ſurfeit, cauſed by intemperance: upon this, his ſoul was carried off, in order to take its trial before a ſelect aſſembly of the ſouls of thoſe animals which his gluttony had cauſed to be ſlain, and who were now appointed his judges.

He trembled before a tribunal, to every member of which he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant; he ſought for pity, but found none diſpoſed to grant it. Does he not remember, cries the angry boar, to what agonies I was put, not to ſatisfy his hunger, but his vanity? I was firſt hunted to death, and my fleſh ſcarce thought worthy of coming once to his table. Were my advice followed, he ſhould do penance in the ſhape of an hog, which in life he moſt reſembled.

I am rather, cries a ſheep upon the bench, for having him ſuffer under the appearance of a lamb; we may then ſend him through four or five tranſmigrations in the ſpace of a month. Were my voice of any weight in the aſſembly, cries a calf, he ſhould rather aſſume ſuch a form as mine; I was bled every day, in order to make my fleſh white, and at laſt killed without mercy. Would it not be wiſer, cries a hen, to cram him in the ſhape of a fowl, and then ſmother him in his own blood as I was ſerved? The majority of the aſſembly were pleaſed with this puniſhment, and were going to condemn him without further delay, when the ox roſe up to give his opinion. I am informed, ſays this counſellor, that the priſoner at the bar has left a wife with child behind him. By my knowledge in divination, I foreſee that

this child will be a ſon, decriped, feeble, ſickly, a plague to himſelf and all about him. What ſay you then, my companions, if we condemn the father to animate the body of his own ſon; and by this means make him feel in himſelf thoſe miſeries his intemperance muſt otherwiſe have entailed upon his poſterity? The whole court applauded the ingenuity of his torture; they thanked him for his advice. Kabul was driven once more to reviſit the earth; and his ſoul, in the body of his own ſon, paſſed a period of thirty years, loaded with miſery, anxiety, and diſeaſe.

The enſuing compliment to the civility, politeneſs, and honor of the Ruſſians, *is from the "Citizen of the World."*

Of all nations, the Ruſſians ſeem to me to behave moſt wiſely in caſes of inconſtancy.—The wife promiſes her huſband never to let him ſee her tranſgreſſions of this nature; and he as punctually promiſes, whenever ſhe is ſo detected, without the leaſt anger, to beat her without mercy: ſo they both know what each has to expect; the lady tranſgreſſes, is beaten, taken again into favour, and all goes on as before.

When a Ruſſian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father, with a cudgel in his hand, aſks the bridegroom, whether he chuſes this virgin for his bride? to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon this the father, turning the lady three times round, and giving her three ſtrokes with his cudgel on her back, "My dear, (cries he,) theſe are the laſt blows you are ever to receive from your tender father; I reſign my authority and my cudgel to your huſband; he knows better than me the uſe of either." The bridegroom knows decorums too well to accept of the cudgel abruptly; he aſſures the father, that the lady will never want it, and that he would not for the world make any uſe of it. But the father, who knows what the lady may want better than he, inſiſts upon his acceptance. Upon this there follows a ſcene of Ruſſian politeneſs, while one refuſes, and the other offers the cudgel.—The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it; upon which the lady drops a courteſy in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as uſual.

There is ſomething exceſſively fair and open in this method of courtſhip. By this both ſides are prepared for all the matrimonial adventures that are to follow. Marriage has been compared to a game of ſkill for life; it is generous thus in both parties to declare they are ſharpers in the beginning. In England, I am told, both ſides uſe every art to conceal their defects from each other before marriage; and the reſt of their lives may be regarded as doing penance for their former diſſimulation.

A SONG—BY DIBDIN.

I was ſaying to Jack as we talk'd 'tother day
About lubbers and ſnivelling elves,
That if people in life did not ſteer the right way
They had nothing to thank but themſelves;
Now when a man's caught by thoſe mermaids the girls
With their flattering palaver and ſmiles,
He runs, while liſtening to their fal de rals
Bump aſhore on the Scilly Iſles.
Thus in ſteering in life as in ſteering with us
To one courſe in your conduct reſort, [thus
In foul winds leaving luff and no near, keep her
In honour's line ready,
When fair keep her ſteady,
And neither to ſtarboard incline, nor to port.

If he's true in his dealings, life's wind to defy,
And the helm has a trim and right ſcope,
Not luffing, but keeping the ſhip full and by
He may weather the Cape of Good Hope;
But if he ſteers wide in Temptation's high ſea,
And to pleaſure gives too much head way,
Hard a port goes the helm, the ſhip's brought by the lee
And ſhe founders in Botany Bay.

In wedlock ſo many wrong courſes are made
They part convoy ſo oft and ſo faſt,
Till ſo fond they are grown of that fame Guinea trade,
Cape Farewell is their anchorage, at laſt:
Some men I muſt own to be dubbed may be born,
But this for the wives I will ſay,
They ſeldom or ever bear down for Cape Horn
Till the huſbands have ſhowed them the way.

As to mutinous ſpirits, that thro' the world roll,
If we had them aboard Jack with we,
They ſhould make no mans land and ſhulk through lubbers hole
And at laſt be laid in the Red Sea,
But fine honeſt fellows, to Honour ſo dead,
Shall in this world by nothing perplex'd
Of Falſe Bay get to windward bring up in Cape Clear,
And beſpeak a ſnug birth in the next.

The ſucceeding moral, tender, ſimple, and yet elegant lines are from the Poems of Camoens, tranſlated by Lord Strangford. [Troy Gaz.

STANZAS.

"Os bos vi ſempre paſſar
"No mundo," &c.

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Preſſed by a thouſand foes.

I ſaw the Paſſions' pliant ſlave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His courſe was Pleaſure's placid wave,
His life, a ſummer's day—

And I was caught in Folly's ſnare,
And joined her giddy train—
But found her ſoon the nurſe of Care,
And Puniſhment, and Pain.

There ſurely is ſome guiding pow'r
Which rightly ſuffers wrong—
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—
But Virtue, late and long!

TO A LADY.—BY A. HILL.

IF, fixt on yours, my eyes in pray'r you ſee,
You muſt not call my zeal idolatry!
For ſince our Maker's throne is plac'd ſo high,
That only in his works the God we ſpy;
And what's moſt bright moſt gives him to our view,
I look moſt near him, when I look on you.

COMPENDIUM OF NEWS.

Four hundred and ſeventy eight dollars have been raiſed at the Charleſton Theatre, for the benefit of the Orphan Children of the late Mr. Hodgkinſon. At the New-York Theatre ſixteen hundred dollars, and at the Boſton Theatre eight hundred dollars, have been collected for this benevolent purpoſe.

The Hon. *Fisher Ames* has been elected Preſident of Harvard Univerſity, by the unanimous vote of the Corporation.

Horrid Murder.—Ruſſel Freeman, Eſq. and Capt. Joſeph Starkweather, who were confined in Haverhill gaol for debt, were inhumanly ſtabbed, on the evening of the 17th ult. by Joſiah Burnham, a fellow priſoner. He had prepared a large knife for that purpoſe, which he had a long time concealed under his arm.—Mr. Starkweather died in a few hours after he received the wounds, and Mr. Freeman about ten o'clock the next morning.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Now in the preſs and will ſoon be publiſhed, "The Hiſtory of the Life and Achievments of Victor Moreau, including his Trial, Juſtification, and other events, till the period of his embarkation for the United States. Tranſlated from the French. Price 1 dollar in boards, 1 dol. 25 cents, bound.

A new periodical publication is promiſed in Philadelphia, to be entitled, *The Theatrical Cenſor.* This work will be conducted by a ſociety of gentlemen, who, by an unprejudiced review of the performers and performances, hope to contribute to the much deſired reform of the American ſtage.

I. Riley & Co. of New-York, have in the preſs Powel on Deviſes; the 3d edition of Democracy Unveiled, with large additions by the author, in two volumes duodecimo; Buller's Niſi Prius, printed page for page from the laſt London copy; Part III. Volume 3d of the New-York Term Reports; and Plowden's Hiſtory of Ireland. [*Anthology.*

Monthly Anthology.—The third volume of this elegant and valuable Miſcellany, "in conſequence of the rapid augmentation of its patronage, will have its pages enlarged, and eight more given to each No. without any addition to the price."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By ſome accident we have loſt *No.* 3, from *The Literary Workſhop.* The artiſts are entreated to *manufacture* it anew, and tranſmit it with all convenient ſpeed to this Office, where it will meet with a ready ſale.

Eugenio's productions are read with avidity.

At this melancholy ſeaſon, when deſpondency oppreſſes the mind, and laſſitude enfeebles the exertions of the Editor, his Correſpondents are earneſtly requeſted to draw upon the ſtores of learning and genius, and communicate to him the reſult of their labors.

MARRIED,

At Sharon, (Ver.) Deacon Caleb Fuller, of this place, to Mrs. Huldah Morse, of the former place.

DIED,

At Amherſt, (Maſs.) the Hon. *Simeon Strong*, one of the Juſtices of the Supreme Judicial Court of that State, in the 70th year of his age.—At Portſmouth, Mrs. Abigail Pickering, relict of the Hon. Judge Pickering, aged 63.—At Athenrie, Ireland, Dennis Corrobie, aged 117. He married ſeven times, had 48 children, 236 grand-children, and 944 great-grand-children; making a total of 1253 deſcendants.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Mr. Orlando,

If this paltry production, from the pen of a plough-boy, is not too puerile for publication, pleaſe to place it in your poetical department.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

TELL me fond Brother of my heart,
Can life afford ſublimer joys,
Than thoſe, which childhood did impart
To us when little, ſimple, boys?

Tho' we were ſhunned, by our mates,
'Twas for the tatter'd robes we wore;
Yet we, ſubmiſſive to the fates,
Did neither ſigh nor wiſh for more.

And often when to ſchool we went,
They'd point us out the 'ragged pair';
Still we were on our books intent,
And foremoſt of our claſs we were.

Tho' we were poor, yet we were bleſt;
Contentment hover'd round our cot;
Nor care nor ſtrife diſturb'd our reſt;
The rich or gay we envied not.

While our companions were at play
Our daily toil was our delight;
And when we had a holiday,
We us'd to read from morn till night;

Or elſe along the fields, we'd go,
Of crimſon clover in its bloom,
Whilſt each gentle gale did blow
To us a choice, a ſweet perfume.

What ſcenes in nature can diſplay
More pleaſure to the tender heart;
The mind its ſorrows muſt allay,
And ſmiles of love and peace impart.

Away theſe hours did ſwiftly fly;
Tho' each did yield ſome kindly peace,
Yet ſoon 'twas gone, and oh for why?
That we might ſeek for joys like theſe;

That we might look for balmy ſhades,
In that bleſt Eden of the ſkies,
Where the violet never fades,
And where the woodbine never dies.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO MIRA.

On a viſit from Souhegan-Grove.

ONCE in my garden bloom'd a roſe,
To cheriſh it was all my care;
It did to me its ſweets diſcloſe,
As often as I wander'd there.

But ſhort the joys of time and ſenſe;
Poor luckleſs 'man was made to mourn;'
The cruel fates have ſnatch'd it thence,
Alas! and left me but the thorn.

Adieu ye ſprightly rural ſcenes,
Ye roſy hours of peace adieu;
Farewell to you, ye ſportive greens,
Ye morning ſuns, and pearly dew.

Eugenio's muſe muſt ceaſe to ſing;
Souhegan's-Grove no longer charms—
The zeph'rous gales no odours bring,
Since Mira's rifled from his arms.

Why fades the foliage of the grove,
The vine, the willow, and the bay?
The redbreaſt and the turtle dove
Exclaim, 'thy charmer's far away.'—

No maid is lovely to my eye;
No ſound is muſic to my ear;
O pardon—if I heave a ſigh—
Forgive me if I drop a tear—

O come, again, fair Mira come,
And ſmile upon our fav'rite grove;
And ſpring in beauty then ſhall bloom,
Then nature's lyre ſhall ſing of love.

The plumy choir ſhall ſweetly ſing;
The vine its cluſters ſhall diſcloſe;
The gales, again, ſhall odours bring,
Again, the thorn ſhall bear a roſe.

Nov. 1805. EUGENIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

DESPONDENCY—*AN ODE.*

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Oppreſs'd with grief, oppreſs'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I ſet me down and ſigh:
O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches ſuch as I!
Dim-backward as I caſt my view,
What ſick'ning Scenes appear!
What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me through,
Too juſtly I may fear!
Still caring, deſpairing,
Muſt be my bitter doom;
My woes here ſhall cloſe ne'er,
But with the cloſing tomb!

Happy! ye ſons of Buſy-life,
Who equal to the buſtling ſtrife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wiſhed *end's* deny'd,
Yet while the buſy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilſt I, a hope-abandoned wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry ſad returning night,
And joyleſs morn the ſame.
You, buſtling and juſtling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, liſtleſs, yet reſtleſs,
Find ev'ry proſpect vain.

How bleſt the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beſide his cryſtal well!
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented ſtream,
The ways of men are diſtant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praiſing, and raiſing
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meandring,
He views the ſolemn ſky.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footſtep trac'd,
Leſs fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And *juſt* to ſtop, and *juſt* to move,
With ſelf-reſpecting art:
But ah! thoſe pleaſures, Loves and Joys,
Which I too keenly taſte,
The *Solitary* can deſpiſe,
Can want, and yet be bleſt!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate;
Whilſt I here muſt cry here
At perfidy ingrate!
Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtleſs Pleaſure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltleſs ſport,
Like linnets in the buſh,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wiſh!
The loſſes, the croſſes,
That *active man* engage:
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining *Age!*

ODE TO MIRTH.—BY SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-eaſing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born!
Yet Goddeſs ſure of heav'nly birth,
Viſit benign a ſon of Grief forlorn:
Thy glitt'ring colours gay
Around him, Mirth, diſplay;
And o'er his raptur'd ſenſe
Diffuſe thy living influence:
So ſhall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And flow'r adorn'd in new-born beauty glow:
The grove ſhall ſmooth the horrors of the ſhade,
And ſtreams in murmurs ſhall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddeſs, ſhine with unremitted ray.
And gild (a ſecond ſun) with brighter beam our day.
Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can ſmile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of Tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His univerſal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden ſhow'r.
Lo! Darkneſs, trembling 'fore the hoſtile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obſcene, that own her gloomy ſway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale ſhiv'ring ghoſts that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick as the lightnings flaſh, glide to ſepulchral night.
But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours its purple ſtream
O'er the long proſpect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I ſee her ſit
In majeſty of light,
With Laughter at her ſide.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltleſs ſtrikes the willing heart,
Fear not now Affliction's pow'r,
Fear not now wild Paſhion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the ſuppliant Poet's pray'r
No cloud that rides the blaſt ſhall vex the troubled air.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY,
BY M. Davis.